

The Man Who Loves Words.
"Other folks, of course, have their poor pleasures," writes Richard De Gallienne in Harper's Magazine, "but for a man who loves words no joy the world can give equals for him the happiness of having achieved a fine passage or a perfect line. When Thackeray struck his fist on the table, as the story goes, when he had finished the scene of Colonel Newcome's death and exclaimed, 'By God, this is genius!' there was no empire he would have accepted in exchange for that moment. We often hear that your true artist is never satisfied with his work, his ideal escapes him, the words seem poor and lifeless, etc., compared with the dream. Whoever started that story knew very little about the literary temperament or he would have known that the words are the dream. The dream does not exist even as a dream or only very imperfectly till it is set down in words. Yes, the words are the dream."

Were Good for Both.
Pauding, Miss, May 15.—(Special.)—In this neighborhood men and women alike are telling of the great benefit they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and it frequently happens they are the means of curing members of both sexes in the same family. Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erby. The latter voices the sentiment of both when she says:
"My lips cannot express too much praise for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered with Backache and Female weakness for four or five years and I feel that I have been wonderfully helped by Dodd's Kidney Pills. My husband, too, was a sufferer for five years from a weak bladder and they also cured him."
Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood and good health all over the body. No woman with healthy kidneys ever had female weakness.

The Curious Limpets.
The limpets are a curious kind of shellfish. They resemble the abalones in their habits. The interior is made of the most brilliant colors, bronze and iridescent hues predominating. They are found on the west coast of Mexico and are so large that the people use them for wash basins.
They are ferocious animals and prey with great ferocity on clams. The process seems slow, but the limpet always gets there. He gets his cover over the unsuspecting clam and puts his big foot on its shell, generally on a weak spot. Then he whips out a long, wiry tongue and proceeds to bore a hole in its captive. When this is done the shell flies open, and the limpet is free to feast on the poor clam's carcass. He eats but a part and leaves "the rest for the fishes of the sea."

Fixing Railroad Rates.
Making railroad rates is like playing a game of checkers or chess. Communities to be benefited, producers, manufacturers or shippers to be aided, represent the pieces used. Every possible move is studied for its effect on the general result by skilled traffic managers. A false move in the making of freight rates may mean the ruin of a city, of a great manufacturing interest, of an agricultural community. Railroads strive to build up all these so that each may have an equal chance in the sharp competition of business. So sensitive to this rivalry are the railroads that in order to build up business along their lines they frequently allow the shipper to practically dictate rates. Rate-making has been a matter of development, of mutual concessions for mutual benefit. That is why the railroads of the United States have voluntarily made freight rates so much lower in this country than they are on the government-owned and operated railways of Europe and Australia that they are now the lowest transportation rates in the world.

Figuring the Profits.
"I suppose," said the new reporter to the humorist, "you make a good thing out of your paragraphs?"
"Well, some days I make very little and other days not quite so much," replied the humorist. "Now, take yesterday, for example; I only penned five lines, but those five lines represented 10 large, round dollars."
"Say, that isn't so worse for one day's toil," said the pencil pusher. "By the way, what did you write?"
"An order to my grocer for interior department supplies," answered the funny party, with a diabolical grin.

GRATEFUL TO CUTICURA.
For Instant Relief and Speedy Cure of Raw and Scaly Humors, Itching Day and Night for Many Months.
"I do wish you would publish this letter so that others suffering as I have may see it and be helped. For many months awful sores covered my face and neck, scabs forming which would swell and itch terribly day and night, and then break open, running blood and matter. I had tried many remedies, but was growing worse, when I started with Cuticura. The first application gave me instant relief, and when I had used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, I was completely cured. (Signed) Miss Nellie Vander Wiele, Lakeside, N. Y."

The Brute.
Mrs. Gabbler—This health writer says that one should keep one's mouth shut while sleeping. I don't see how I can be sure my mouth is shut when I'm asleep.
Mr. Gabbler—You might get in the habit if you'd practice on it while you are awake.—Cleveland Leader.
Mrs. Winslow's **Worming Syrup** for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25-cents a bottle.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Killed Her Husband.
IF the woman is unfortunate enough to marry a brute who considers it a recreation and pastime to misuse her, maltreat her and beat her, she has a right, if assaulted, to use such force as is necessary to protect herself, even to the point of killing her assailant.

These are the words of Judge Kersten, of Chicago, in discharging Mrs. Jessie Hopkins, on trial for killing her husband, Harry Hopkins made a brutal and vicious assault on his wife last New Year's day. He was in the habit of doing that. Covered with blood from the blows of the man, and fearing the brute would kill her, she shot him to death.

O, just judge. A woman does not forfeit the right of self-defense accorded every human being when she marries a man. She is not his chattel to be maltreated and abused and trampled upon. And if the savage in the man finds its pleasure in beating her to the imminent risk of life she has the right—the God-given right—to defend that life at the risk of his.

But the pity of it, you say? Yes, the pity of it. Though love had changed to fear and hate, though society acquits her and though her conscience is void of offense toward God, yet the feeling of horror and pity when that woman saw the father of her children dead on the floor—and by her hand—will never fade away. The pictured outlines of her home tragedy will grow sharper with the years. For such is the dreadful heritage of the man-slayer.

But it will be satisfaction to remember that the world acquits her and that men and women pity her. The woman's justification was perfect.—Indianapolis Sun.

Will the Cornet Come, Too?
THEY are now teaching the fiddle in the public schools of England, and lads by the thousands are sawing away on cheap violins and dreaming of the days when they will become Paganinis and reap fortunes on American tours.
Oh, these fads! America will have to go John Bull one better. In the mad chase for accomplishments there can be no halt.

Will you have your boy learn to play the cornet, or the clarinet? Or perhaps his talent runs to the wailing of the head of a big brass drum or the caressing of the keys of a bassoon. England has set the pace, and it is only a question of time when some scientific sharp will be able to show that the salvation and health and general moral welfare of the average child can best be secured and retained by an hour or so a day spent in squirting wind through an E flat cornet in a public school.

Then we shall have the A grade brass band and the B grade fife and drum corps, while the girls on the back seats can organize a mandolin club.

Of course, there will be drawbacks. It will be necessary to place the average school far from the habitations of mankind. Be it known that one little yellow clarinet in the hands of a beginner is a greater curse to a community than war is to Manchuria. Then think of a nest of yellow clarinets and all the rest of the musical ills that infest the world, and you will realize that if the English idea is prosecuted to its fullest extent most of us will have to move into the cellar and wear cotton in our ears.

Meanwhile those little Britishers are sawing away, and America may well tremble.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Nebraska Leads the Way.
THE Nebraska Legislature has ready for the Governor's signature an act providing that every person who undertakes to heal disease for money shall have devoted four years to the study of the subject and have given proofs of knowledge of it to public authority.

In the amount of training required this is believed to be the highest standard yet set by any American State. Leading medical educators are quite generally agreed that it is none too high. It seems entirely reasonable that any one who undertakes to meddle with so complicated and delicate an organism as the human body shall first acquire adequate knowledge of it.

Knowledge of the physical mechanism they seek to adjust, no matter what means they may use, cannot be harmful either to healers or to patients. They may not use that

and instructors, and 375 persons residing in a model community, in addition to the students and teachers; 163 buildings of various sizes and for various purposes, of which 98 are owned by the school and used for educational purposes. The remainder are the homes of teachers and employees. The school owns 2,600 acres of land, practically in one block, of which 800 acres are now under cultivation; 600 acres are pasture and the remainder is woodland upon which the students cut logs for lumber to erect the buildings and wood for burning brick and heating purposes. The land cost less than \$10 per acre; much of it is to-day worth more than \$500 an acre.

Every building upon the grounds was designed and erected by the faculty and students without outside help, and at least a dozen of them cost more than \$15,000 each, the maximum representing an investment of \$60,000 without counting the labor. The students have made every brick and cut down the trees and sawed the lumber; they have made all the sashes, doors and blinds, and not a pound or bit of building material except hardware has been obtained outside of the grounds for more than 12 years.

They raise their own cattle and horses; they build their own wagons, implements and clothing and everything else they use, except their crockery, knives and forks, stationery and such articles of merchandise. Since the institution was founded it has trained 6,000 students.

Where Lincoln Was Married.
The old Edwards' home in South Second street, where Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married, which was later converted into St. Agatha's school in this diocese, is now being made into one of the most beautiful homes in Springfield, says the Springfield News.
The old residence has witnessed some very interesting events during its life. The old house as it was had many nooks and corners, its old-fashioned stateliness added to the charm

knowledge, just as the oculist does not use in daily practice his knowledge of general anatomy, yet such knowledge is never hurtful and is often useful to him and to those whose eyes he treats.

In making no distinction between "schools" of medicine and methods of healing, as it apparently does not, but in simply requiring that all who take pay for treating disease shall have devoted a certain time to the study of the subject and have given proofs of knowledge of it, the Nebraska law has adopted a policy whose fairness will be generally admitted. It prevents no man who chooses from risking his health in the hands of ignorance. It merely says that ignorance shall not make money by representing itself to be knowledge.

In striking out the sensible line through the jungle of medical practice and in setting up a high standard for medical competence, Nebraska appears to lead the way for other American commonwealths.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Housecleaning Query.
TROUBLE is coming. Trouble is headed for your house, armed with mops, brushes, dust rags, bars of soap, pails of scouring; the air is full of the infernal odor of soapuds, and the guns are loaded to the muzzle with the ammunition of spring housecleaning. This editorial is written by a mere man. It is necessary to be thus personal to elucidate the point of view.

Why does a woman clean house spring and fall? Isn't the daily and weekly dusting, scrubbing and general discomfort sufficient for all purposes?

It would seem so. But just about the time the bluebirds come, and the pussy willows are at their best, your wife decides that the house must be ripped from center to circumference. If you don't like it you can move. If you do take up quarters in the barn, you are a flinty-hearted wretch, and don't you forget it. There isn't much that you can do except not say the things you think. Later, you may be allowed to beat the carpets, but you cannot hope to compete with the hired man at that task, and if you are particularly pleasant you will be allowed to wear out your knees and temper while pulling tacks. If you have never removed tacks from a hardwood floor with the back of a caseknife you have not experienced real life, but you are to be congratulated.

But why all this fuss. The home looks fine. There may be a little dust under the lounge, and the wallpaper needs a lick or two at the hands of the cleaner, but beyond that, what moans it?

Microbes live in dust. They bother the human family little until the dust is stirred and scattered. Why not leave well enough alone?

We have in mind a good woman who moved into a new house. The carpenters had left it clean. You could dine off the floors and sup in the cellar without fear of dirt. It was spotless from basement to garret. And the good woman moved in, and her first act was to clean house. Why do they do it? We will admit that we are stumped.—Cincinnati Post.

When Wars Will Cease.

HAT student of men who concludes that wars will cease when the chances of escaping death or injury are reduced to such a point that men will no longer take them, has human nature on his side, no matter what the critics may say. With the perfection of war machinery, and the trebling or quadrupling of mortality in war, there will surely come a harking back to the first law of nature, which is the one of self-preservation. When the progress of invention in war machines goes on until man finds his chance of survival in battle reduced to nearly nothing, he will surely beat his swords into plowshares and his spears into pruning hooks. There is a glory in dying for one's country, but it is not equal, in its practical results, to the glory of trying to die and failing in the attempt. When the mortality statistics of modern warfare are studied in the intervals of peace, and men are able to realize that the chance of being killed or maimed has become greater than the chance of escaping with a whole skin, the millennium of peace will begin to dawn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.
Famous School for Negroes Founded by a Former Slave.



The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, which, under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, is doing such splendid educational work in the South among the negroes, was founded in 1881 by Lewis Adams, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. Adams was a slave before the war in Tuskegee, plantation man of all work. He had a genius for tinkering. He could mend a clock, or shingle a roof, or repair an engine, or do a job of plumbing. There was very little that Adams could not do, and when he was emancipated he set up a shop in Tuskegee, where he made tinwork and tinkered in various trades, with a number of disciples and apprentices around him. There were so many colored boys eager to learn trades that he could not find room for them in his shop and it worried him. When the next election came around in 1880 and the candidate for the legislature sought his influence with the colored voters, Adams agreed to use it provided the candidate would pledge himself to get an appropriation for an industrial school at Tuskegee. The candidate was elected—an honest man who kept his pledge and had "pull" enough to get an appropriation of \$2,000 a year. That was far more than Adams expected, and it provided for a school beyond his capacity to teach. So he wrote Gen. Armstrong, principal at Hampton Institute in Virginia, to recommend a teacher, and he sent them Booker T. Washington, one of his graduates, and a member of his faculty. This was twenty-three years ago. Adams has been connected in one way or another with the institution ever since and is the Nestor—the oldest inhabitant.

There are now 151 officers, clerks

of romance and many were the stories told by schoolgirls of how Lincoln was married in this room and dined in another.

The front parlor, where Lincoln was married, has been changed, in that one large massive window replaces the former low French windows, of which there were two. A new front door has been put in, which is a pity, as the old one of heavy oak seemed a part of the house and had swung open to admit some of the most illustrious men and women of the State and country. The big entrance hall and stairway will remain the same as when Mary Todd came down the oaken steps to her wedding.

For over a year no one has occupied the home, but in a few months it will have put on again its old-time importance, and, being situated as it is, far back in the yard, surrounded with trees and shrubs, it will be in reality one of the city's most artistic residences.

Sun Helps the Baby.
Sunning the baby is one of the popular things in baby culture. Many houses have adjustable sun parlors. They are made of some kind of hardwood and built by the carpenter to extend beyond the window. The top and sides of the little platform are covered with glass, and strips of carpet are laid on the floor to stop up any cracks there may be. No matter how fiercely the winds may blow or how low the thermometer may sink the sun parlor is always ready for the baby. A pillow is placed on the carpeted floor, then the baby is warmly dressed and well covered for its morning or afternoon nap.—Chicago Tribune.

Bobby Hard at Work.
Bobby—I have been working all day like a dog, pop.
Father—Glad to hear you are getting industrious, Robert; but what have you been doing?
Bobby—I've been digging out a woodchuck, pop.—Puck.
What has become of the old-fashioned woman that carried a handkerchief with her that she never unfolded.

BIG CHICAGO TIE-UP.

TEAMSTERS' STRIKE PARALYZES BUSINESS OF CITY.

Hundreds of Police and Armed Deputy Sheriffs Accompany Delivery Wagons Throughout the City—Riotous Disturbances Result in Several Deaths.

Chicago has recently been passing through some of the worst labor troubles in its history. Not since the great railroad strike of 1894, when President Cleveland sent Federal troops to the city to preserve order, have such scenes of turbulence and rioting been seen as those which now are daily taking place in Chicago's streets. Shooting, stabbing, sandbagging and a general reign of lawlessness and disorder have marked the progress of the teamsters' strike, which now is affecting nearly every business in the city. Several persons have died as the result of injuries sustained in street riots and scores have been badly injured. The non-union men employed as drivers by the Employers' Teaming Company, which is fighting the teamsters on strike, form a large proportion of the victims. Many of the strikers, or their sympathizers, have also been injured. Innocent persons, too, have suffered, many of them having been mistaken for strike breakers. The non-union drivers are armed and freely use their revolvers.

With city police and deputy sheriffs riding on wagons by the side of non-union drivers, the business of the big merchants was facilitated Tuesday to such an extent that they declared the strike was virtually broken. At the same time there were no signs of weakening on the part of the strikers.

Judge Kohlsaat decided that the labor men named in the Federal injunction should be subpoenaed and required to testify before Master in Chancery Sherman. Charles Dold, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, said that it had been agreed upon by the labor men that they should not testify, as they had been advised by their attorneys that they could not be compelled to do so.

President Dold and a committee went before State's Attorney Healy and asked him to call a special grand jury to investigate the charges of conspiracy which the labor men have made against members of the Employers' Teaming Company in regard to intimidating certain transfer companies who refused to look out their men. Mayor Dunne appointed a commission to arbitrate the differences between the contestants, but the employers were not inclined to pay much attention to the commission.

In its statement the commission asks for the co-operation of all good citizens to aid it in investigating the causes of the strike and the continued disturbed conditions prevailing in the city. It says the first and supreme duty of the Mayor and the police is to suppress violence and punish all offenders.

Origin of the Trouble.
The trouble had a peculiar origin. Last November the garment workers demanded a renewal of the scale and a closed shop. The proprietors refused to grant the latter and a strike was ordered. It made poor progress and the garment workers appealed to the Federation of Labor for assistance. To save the Federation, the Teamsters' Union was ordered to help, which they did, although they had contracts running three years. Their grievance was that they were being compelled to handle non-union goods. The strike was particularly directed against the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co. Other firms came to their relief and there was formed the Employers' Teaming Company, incorporated in West Virginia, with \$1,000,000 capital. Every prominent merchant is a member. The determined stand of the employers awed the strike leaders and the teamsters decided to call the strike off. When they applied for their positions they were informed that no man who had struck would be taken back. Then came the general strike of the teamsters. The wagons of the Employers' Teaming Company have for two weeks been driven by non-union men obtained from other cities, most of whom are negroes. In many cases a man sits beside the driver with a rifle.

The battle, according to the temper of both sides, will be waged to a finish. Charles Dold, president of the local Federation of Labor, says the struggle will be made the supreme test between capital and labor in this country and that he is prepared to call out, if necessary, every union man, woman and child in Chicago—or \$50,000 in all.

The terrorism prevailing has broken, to a large extent, the morals of the negroes imported to act as drivers, and several hundred of them who reached Chicago refused to go to work. Non-union men on the way to the city have been attacked at various cities along the route, and of 215 who left St. Louis in one batch only 93 reached Chicago. The others deserted. Meantime business of all kinds is demoralized.

The report of the investigation of the charges that Prof. Hilprecht was guilty of unscientific conduct will exonerate the professor and sustain his contention that he is the discoverer of Temple Library at Nippur. The report will ensure Hilprecht for being too romantic.

Ion Perleharis, who was captured by the bandit Raisuli in Morocco and held for ransom, was a spraker at the New York Library Club dinner recently and declared he considered Raisuli a patriot who is endeavoring to lead his followers to independence.

PAINFUL SCIATICA

EVERY SUFFERER WANTS THE VERY QUICKEST CURE.

Mr. Donovan Thinks the Remedy Used by Him with Such Remarkable Success the Best—Cured by Five Boxes.

"Men who have to do difficult and dangerous work on electric lines at any hour of day or night, can't afford to have anything the matter with their health," said Mr. Donovan. You can imagine, therefore, how much I was alarmed one winter's day in 1902, when I was seized by a pain just behind my right hip that made it difficult for me to walk home. It was so bad by the time I reached the house that I was obliged to go straight to bed."

"Did that relieve you?"
"No, the pain grew more severe and kept extending downward along my leg. I sent for a physician, and he soon decided that I had sciatica. In a few days the whole nerve was affected, and the least movement brought on terrible agony."

"Did your condition improve under the doctor's treatment?"
"Quite the contrary. At the end of two months I wasn't a bit better, and at times I feared that I would never be able to leave my bed."

"How did you get out again?"
"When I was lying in bed, unable to move and wasting away in flesh, a friend visited me and told me about the wonderful cures brought about by a great blood and nerve remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He strongly urged me to try them, and I luckily had sense enough to take his advice."

"Did you mend quickly?"
"Yes, that was the astonishing thing. I noticed a slight improvement before I had quite finished the first box of the pills, I could get out of bed while I was on the third box, and I was entirely cured by the time I had taken five boxes."

Mr. Joseph A. Donovan is living at Plaisfort, New Hampshire, and is line inspector for the Haverhill, Newton and Plaisfort Electric Street Railway. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remedy to use when the blood is thin, as in anemia; or impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in partial paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill-nourished, as in general debility. They are sold by all druggists.

University Men in Politics.

In the recent Italian elections no fewer than thirty-nine university men were elected to the parliament—namely, eighteen ordinary and four extraordinary professors and seventeen privy counsellors; or, according to another arrangement, twenty-two jurists, ten medical men, five from the philosophical faculties, and two representing political economy. The University of Naples heads the list, with fourteen representatives, followed by Rome with eleven. Padua has two, Bologna two, Parma two, Ferrara one, Messina one, Modena two, Catania one, and Pavia one. Politically, these academic parliamentarians are distributed as follows: Twenty-two are constitutionalists, nine radicals, five social democrats, and three republicans.

Judgment.

The Bee—You ought to be a ball player.
The Spider—Because why?
The Bee—Because you are an expert at catching flies.
The Spider—Yes; but the fowls would soon put me out of business.

"IT SAVED MY LIFE"

PRaise FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE

Mrs. Willadsen Tells How She Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Just in Time.

Mrs. T. G. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—



"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words."
"Before I wrote to you, telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady and spent lots of money on medicines besides, but it all failed to help me. My monthly periods had ceased and I suffered much pain, with fainting spells, headache, backache and bearing-down pains, and I was so weak I could hardly keep around. As a last resort I decided to write you and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful that I did, for after following your instructions, which you sent me free of all charge, my monthly periods started; I am regular and in perfect health. Had it not been for you I would be in my grave to-day. I sincerely trust that this letter may lead every suffering woman in the country to write you for help as I did."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, indigestion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.
No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.
Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.